

and i realized why i,
the only child of them all,

was kept home that second week.

OLD MACDONALD HAD A MADONNA

"you are a misogynist," she says;
"are there any women, over the age of twelve,
you haven't written nastily about?"

"yes," i say, "i have never written
anything uncomplimentary about farm women."

that takes the wind out of her sails.

"farm women?" she asks.
"farm women," i say;
"i have cast no aspersions upon
the integrity of farm women."

she shakes her head in speechlessness.

AN OPEN RELATIONSHIP

we have finally learned mutual trust.
well, if not "trust" exactly,
then at least an absence of jealousy,
a great diminishing of possessiveness.
oh i'm sure if she were spotted
checking into the sleepy-bye motel,
i'd still react,
as would she, if she came up on me
parked somewhere and found someone's head
between my legs.
but these things would have to force themselves
upon us. we no longer interrogate, investigate,
keep track, or look for clues.
it's just too bad that,
in order to achieve this peace,
we had to lose most of what we had.